Allen Dulles of the Cost Silent Service

Central Intelligence Agency's first civilian Director is steeped in the ticklish skills of the spy and counter-spy.

CPYRGHT

By CABELL PHILLIPS

WASHINGTON,

HE job of determining what is going on inside Russia—a fact of critical importance to this country as mysterious moves take place behind the red-brick walls of the Kremlin—is in the hands of America's "silent service." That organization is the Central Intelligence Agency, whose business is collecting every shred of fact, rumor and speculation we can lay our hands on. Such intelligence comes into C. I. A.'s unpretentious Washington headquarters these days in countless trickles and driblets from countless sources. It is the task of the C. I. A. to sort out these fragments and reassemble them into an intelligible and coherent picture.

The man who directs the job, Allen Welsh Dulles, younger brother of the Secretary of State, is thoroughly steeped in both the cloak-and-dagger and the striped-pants techniques necessary in this ticklish kind of work. Yet he looks neither like an undercover agent nor like a diplomat. Even in action he manages to preserve the composure as well as the look of the headmaster of an English boys' school. His buoyant friendliness even when the pressure is on, which it often is now, enhances the illusion.

A career man, Dulles is the first civilian to head our secret intelligence system. At 59 he is lithe and active, a little above average height and with a slight bookish stoop to the shoulders. He has a high intellectual forehead surmounted by a tidy thatch of sparse gray hair, and he wears a close cropped gray mustache. His clothes have the expensively casual look of Saville Row and his teeth are usually clenched around the stem of a thick briar pipe. His appearance and manner, in fact, are rather disarming in an office where virtually every desk drawer and wastebasket seems to be tagged with the stem reminder, "CLASSIFFED."

WHEN he is seen at his ease in the quiet elegance of his old house in Georgetown (a few blocks away from that of his brother, Foster) there is no intimation that his head is packed with more explosively secret information than that of perhaps any other official in Washington. A man of cultured tastes and cosmopolitan interests, he is an animated conversationalist on almost any topic except the one he knows most about—the inner workings of the C. I. A. When the talk veers in that direction he advoitly changes the subject, or, failing, preserves a grim and disapproving silence.

The model for an effective and efficient secret intelligence system has always been the "silent service" of the British Foreign Office. Here the experience of some 300 years of continuous maneuvering in the devious and shadowy bypaths of international diplomacy has developed a background of high

professional skill and a career tradition of unsurpassed loyalty.

It was not until the outbreak of World War II that this country began some feverish and elaborate improvisations to create a strategic intelligence system as contrasted with the conventional but outmoded "battlefront" intelligence of Army G-2 and the Navy's O. N. I. And it was not until 1947 that the undertaking was given formal and permanent status when the C. I. A. was created under the National Security

Act. But in those intervening five years the C. I. A. which Allen Dulles now runs has achieved a place in world esteem where it commands the respect of even the British, whose system it has unblushingly adapted in so many important respects.

Like its mentor and counterpart, the C.I. A. is a central clearinghouse for the foreign intelligence collected by other agencies of the Government—the State Department, the Army, Navy and Air Force, and so forth Moreover, it

has its own system of collection to fill in the gaps; most of it "white," which is to say conventional, but some of it "black," which may be as unconventional as the urgency of the particular situation requires. As an agency of the National Security Council, it is senior in the field of intelligence to every other branch of government and its reports, therefore, have unmistakable force and authority.

C. I. A. is certainly the biggest (if not universally recognized as the best) national intelligence service in the world. Hard facts about it are concealed under the inevitable cloak of secrecy but it is believed to have between 10,000 and 15,000 people on its payroll here and abroad. Its central headquarters spread over some thirty buildings here in Washington (none of which is so identified by the familiar government building signs) and there are branches in every important city in this country and throughout the world, at least outside the confines of the Iron Curtain. The size of its annual appropriation is secret and unpublished in the usual budgetary documents.

A LARGE part of C. I. A.'s work is comparable to—and little more glamorous than—a library research project. Hundreds of researchers, young men and women with college degrees and usually with some language, geographic, ethnic or technical specialty, pore over bales of newspapers, magazines, government reports, advertising circulars and similar material.

They interview immigrants and travelers and business men with connections in foreign countries. They haunt libraries, museums, and even art galleries. One large unit monitors radio broadcasts both here and in foreign lands,

The C. I. A. produces regular and special intelligence estimates for the President and the chiefs of agencies directly concerned with foreign affairs and internal security. But its principal "consumer" is its parent organization, the National Security Council, where its reports become the principal ingredient in the formulation of high-level national policy. The C. I. A. Director. participates regularly in all N. S. C. deliberations. Although he is not a statutory member of that body, his influence upon its decisions scarcely is exceeded by any of those who are.

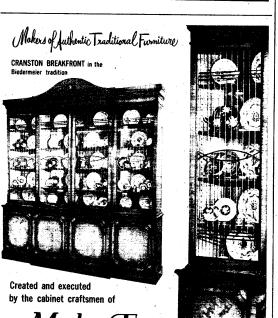
business almost as soon as he got out of Princeton. It was in 1916, when, as a 23-year-old functionary in the United States Embassy at Vienna, he was given the job of making contact with the dissident forces in Austria who were trying to upset that country's World War entente with Germany. His career reached a dramatic climax almost thirty years later when, as chief of the Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland, he subverted Hitler's generals in northern Italy into surrendering (Continued on Page 53)



CABELL PHILLIPS is the Washington correspondent for The Times Sunday Department.

pertment. Allen Dulles—"Under his direction C. I. A. has achieved world esteem."
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Berlin

Between these two distant milestones of a remarkably colorful and successful career, he kept his hand in practice through more than a decade of service with the State Department at home and in foreign lands, and later, through his partnership in one of the country's leading international law firms, Sullivan and Cromwell of New York. Almost continuously since the outbreak of World War II he has been actively engaged in intelligence work, and has done as much as anyone to elevate this country's concept of intelligence from a despised and stagnant military chore to its present eminence as a major factor in all our strategic planning for the cold war and after.

THE present C. I. A. director was one of the first of an improbable band of adventure-some Wall Streeters and Ivy League Ph. D.'s whom Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan recruited in 1940 when he began to put together, under a secret grant of authority from President Roosevelt, that heterogeneous outfit of intellectuals, dilettantes and footpads which came to be known as O. S. S.—Office of Strategic Services. This was the "Department of Dirty Tricks," set up for purposes of espionage, sabotage and intelligence activities behind the enemy's lines.

As American forces launched their first attack on the coast of Africa in November 1942 Donovan sent Dulles packing off to Switzerland to set up an O. S. S. beachhead in what would soon become the last neutral observation post in Europe. With the Gestapo virtually riding his coattails, he managed to get across the French border just as the Nazis were closing it off. His 'cover' identity was special assistant to the United States Minister at Bern. His in-structions were vague and his equipment consisted of a special code book for his radio communications to Washington and AFHQ, and a briefase crammed with several thousand dollars in bills of small and useful denomina-

ERN seethed at that time with international intrigue of a virulence worthy of an Openheim novel. The agents of every combatant nation slithered openly or secretly through its winding streets, conversed surreptitiously in the corners of its cafes or held midnight rendezvous in darkened apartments or deserted parks. It was a market place for trai-

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(Continued from Preceding Page) tors and a hunting ground for spies and counter-spies. It was the beginning and the end of the trail for a stealthy traffic secret couriers working back and forth across the bor ders of Germany, France, Italy and the Balkans.

NE visitor whom Dulles received at his apartment late one night, after much devious negotiation through interme-diaries, was one "George." A squat, bald-headed, stubbornly belligerent man, he was a minor official in the German Foreign Office. In his official capacity he had access to most of the secret communications that flowed into Berlin from the far-flung outposts of the Nazi espicnage network. He hated the Nazis with a consuming passion and saw their destruction as the only means of saving his beloved fatherland from ruin. He wanted to establish a reliable contact with the Allies and do what he could to shorten the war by hastening the Nazis' de-

During the next two years "George" directed a stream of more than 2,000 documents from the innermost sanctum of the Foreign Office across the desk of the American spy chief in Bern.

"George" probably was the most valuable and the most prolific source of secret intelligence out of Germany that the Allies had during the entire war. He told of the location of a secret radio transmitter in the German Embassy in Dublin that was used to direct submarine raids on Allied shipping. He disclosed elaborate plans to trap a large troop convoy about to sail from New York in time for American officials to re-route the ships. He warned of General Franco's preparations to smuggle large quantities of badly needed tungsten to Gerwar plants. And it was he who uncovered the sinister Cicero Diello, the Nazi spy who was valet to the British Ambassador at Ankara

ALMOST unknown to the American high command in the early years of the war was the existence of a daringly determined underground movement within Nazi Germany itself. It was composed largely of liberals and intellectuals, but it had also attracted a significant cadre of generals of the Wehrmacht and high civilian officials of the Third Reich.

Dulles established liaison with the leaders of "Breakers" (the code name by which the underground was known in secret Allied communications) through Hans Bernd Gisevius in the early months of 1943. Gisevius was ostensibly a German vice consul in Zurich. In reality he was a member of the Abwehr, the German counter-intelligence service, and more importantly still, he was

a ringleader in the conspiracy to assassinate Hitler.

Dulles kept Washington fully informed of the progress of "Breakers." The conspirators sought desperately for some reassurance that if the German people themselves did away with Hitler and Nazism the Allies would consent to terms less stringent than "unconditional surrender," meant surrender to the Russians as well.

Dulles urged on his superiors some concessions to this goal. He believed there was a real prospect that the plotters could carry through their au-dacious scheme to do away with Hitler and seize control of the army and the Govern-ment in one furious, desperate stroke. That this reassurance was never given may have contributed, he now believes, to the failure of the conspiracy.

A BOMB was exploded at Hitler's feet in his secret head-Hitler's feet in his secret head-quarters in East Prussia on July 20, 1944. Der Feuhrer was seriously wounded, but he struggled alive from the wreckage of the building. This mischance threw other ele-ments of the plot into confusion—the communications centers were never seized, and Wehrmacht which were poised to take over vital Government centers in Berlin were held in their barracks.

It was the knowledge and contacts gained through "Breakers" which enabled Dulles, late in 1944, to establish secret channels into the High Command of the German forces stubbornly retreating before the United States Third Army up the Italian boot. And it was to Dulles' agents (who had established themselves with secret radio transmitter in Milan) that the Germans-in April, 1945gave the word they were ready to meet with Allied commanders to arrange capitulation.



Allen Dulles calls at the White House to report on intelligence.

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